

South Farallones

March 7th, 1859

Dear Father,

As I was unable to send my letters to the city in time for the last mail and the prospects are uncertain for the next one. I will write to you at this early date and send the letter to town by the first boat that we have an opportunity to board. The weather has been very unsettled for the last month blowy & stormy and a very heavy sea most of the time and we have not been out in our boat but twice since the 5th Feby. I have heard from town but once since that time and that was last week and our letters & papers had been on board the fishing boat two weeks in consequence of our not being able to go off to them. I am in hopes however that the rough weather is about over and that we shall be able to get our documents from Lod regularly for to live on this island and not be able to get the news and be ignorant of what is going on in the world is it seems to me almost as bad as a ticket for "Wethersfield." During the summer there is generally a party of fishermen living here ashore, engaged in drying fish and they keep a boat running from here to the city carrying fresh fish and they take our letters to town and bring out whatever we want such as provisions &c I give them permission to stay here and they consequently feel under obligations and when we have a chance we take off some rabbits to them. They think more of a rabbit than of anything else in the eating line and there are hundreds on the island. We can stand in our door and see fifty at once and can go out and catch as many as we wish to in half an hour. I received two papers from you by the last mail and one from Aunt Nancy. I am very glad to get papers from home for they make the time pass away more pleasantly and I frequently recognize some correspondent whom I think I know. Whenever I go to town I always send you the steamer papers and then and when I left town last (Feby 5th) I requested Lod to send you a paper by every mail. When I wrote you last from town. I was very busy as I could not get our stores for the Light and had to go up to the Navy Yard to see the new Inspector. (Commander John DeCamp, U.S.Navy) The stores had been transferred to him but remained in San Francisco, and the old Inspector would not let me have them until I saw Capt DeCamp. When I saw him and made my business known he told me to go back to the city and take whatever I wanted. He appears to be a very fine man and formerly lived at New London. He made many enquiries about the people there and seemed to take quite an interest in me. after I told him who I was &c He has a steamer which he came out in belonging to the Lt HHouse Department and I expect him out here in about a month to pay us an official visit to inspect the Light. He will find it in order from "pit to dome" let him come when he may. I was very much disappointed in money matters when I was in town but I trust it will come out right by & by. There has been a great irregularity on the part of Government in paying salaries ever since last July and almost all in the Custom House have never yet received pay for that month and every little while on pay-day there is to be seen on the door of the Custom House a notice headed with these ominous words. "No Funds" brief but pointed. The trouble appears to be that Mr Cobb neglects to send out the drafts. to settle with Uncle Sam's faithful? servants. I dont think he is much of a financier but perhaps he has more important business at home to attend to the "Charleston Convention" looming up in the "dim vista of the future"



probably dazzles his optics. I have got settled now and I want to send money to you as fast as I can and I hope this summer to do something in that line. I want to get home myself in 1860 and if nothing happens to me. I think the prospects now are fair. If I could see dear grandmother once more. I fear every time I get a letter I shall hear of her sickness perhaps death. Tell Sarah to say to Mr Potter. I shall write him by this mail. I recd no letters by the last mail only papers. Give my love to all the family not forgetting my little niece and believe me as ever

Your affectionate son  
A Clift, Jun

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